

## **The Talk** by **Harmonia Bloom**

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**Summary:** "El, I'm worried about your uterus", Dustin said, making a face. "And about possible babies". Funny oneshot!

## The Talk

**N/A:** rated T because it contains some words not allowed for K or K +. Silly, funny oneshot! I hope you like it!

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### THE TALK

"So" began Dustin, clearing his throat. "Now that Mike's in the shower, I think it's finally time we talk about this, El".

I raised my head, taking my eyes off the book Max had lent me. Our recent proximity made her reveal me that 3 years of Star Wars, RPGs and videogames with the boys might be taking our heads off the important stuff, like the cold war and the weird insurgence of movies about fighter pilots, like Top Gun. So, she searched the entirety of our school's library looking for classics like 1984, Lord of the Flies and Clockwork Orange.

"About what, Dustin?"

He sighed, making himself comfortable in the couch at the Wheeler's family basement. Lucas and Will giggled. "You and Mike".

I smiled. Since me and Mike came out as being in a serious relationship to our family and friends last summer, Dustin became specially worried about me, like an older brother.

"Dustin, you don't have to, you know... Me and Mike are doing fine, you don't need to worry about my feelings...", I said, cherishing my friend.

"El, I'm worried about your uterus", he said, making a face. "And about possible babies".

"Of course", I thought, rolling my eyes. Dustin wasn't just protective like a brother - he was also absurdly inconvenient. It wasn't unusual for me and Mike to have to deal with Dustin's weird kiss-mimicking noises, nerdy sexual jokes or theories about a possible will-rule-the-world-due-to-having-telekinetic-powers-baby if we had a child.

"I don't want to have this conversation now", I protested, taking my attention back to the book. Meanwhile, Will and Lucas kept watching the scene, giggling amongst each other.

"And I don't want little Elevens killing presidents or little Mikes plotting for little Elevens to kill presidents!", said Dustin, losing his breath. "We are having this conversation now".

I sighed, biting my lips. "Dustin, we've all had sex ed, and even Hopper and Joyce have already ha-".

"First", he said, standing up theatrically. "You need to know that, when two people love each other very much, they, in general, do more than rubbing their faces against one another".

"Dustin, seriously..."

"Second", he continued, ignoring me. "We call the "doing more" sex". He stopped for a moment, scratching his chin. "Or fucking. Or shagging. Or the good ol' in-out-in-out. Or even-"

"Dustin! I got it".

"Ok, for the looks of it you're more advanced than I would've like on this matter, huh?", he grinned, pretending not to see my angry face.

"Dustin, you really don't need t-", I argued.

"El, when two people love each other, they may come to exchanging caresses on the private parts", Dustin solemnly started, getting near the small (and old) "cabin" Mike had done to me when we were kids. "I don't know if you know..."

*"I know".*

"...but Mike has a 'weewee' and you are the owner of a 'little flower'". Said Dustin, while sitting on the floor, crossing my personal bubble. I lied and looked to the ceiling, restless.

"Will Mike take long? I really don't want to kick one of his best friend's ass...", I murmured, but not even that made Dustin shut up.

With a silly smile, he made a gesture with his hands.

"And, eventually, if you feel what I like to call 'the flame on the bottoms', Mike will insert - carefully, I hope - his weewee in your littl-".

"GUYS!", I shouted, leaving my cozy place, "ARE YOU REALLY GOING TO LET DUSTIN DO THIS TO ME?"

Will and Lucas were tomato-red, almost suffocating in laughter. "Sorry, El", Will said, lowly. "We thought someone had to have 'the talk' with you".

"Finally some backup!", Dustin exclaimed, raising his arms. "And I'm taking it cleanly, El. To be honest I even considered using Mike's Star Wars action figures for, you know, educational purposes, but I think he wouldn't have liked me to defile Han Solo and Leia Organa with a sex ed class..."

I crossed my arms. This had gone too far.

"Dustin, look, I know you want to help, but me and Mike haven't even talk-"

"The important thing, El, is the two of you to protect yourselves", he said, raising his voice. "That's why I brought a little gift...". While speaking, he turned his hand on his jeans' pockets and then taking out three red packages, considerably sticky.

"I like to be prepared so I, you know, bought these little beauties while I was seeing Jessica last semester", Dustin frowned as he said that name. It hadn't been a good experience for the both of them, even more so when Dustin had the bright idea of taking Jessica amphibious-hunting in their second date. "I thought we had something real, you know. She liked science so much...", he sighed. "The point is: these little things are still unused, and I can't think of anyone else other than you and Mike to gift them to."

I smiled, sincerely. Despite everything, Dustin looked like he generally worried about me and Mike, and in a way we composed the least experient couple in the group, specially after we discovered

what Max and Lucas did every thursday in the coach's office above the auditorium.

"Thanks, Dustin. That is really sweet."

Then, a noise. The basement door opened, and Mike came through with wet hair, bringing a smell of cleanliness to the room.

"Hey, guys", he said, coming down the stairs carelessly. "What do you think about we going to the movies and watching that Robocop? I read in the newspaper tha-ELEVEN, WHAT IS IT THAT YOU'RE HOLDING?".

Mike said, staring the packages Dustin had given me.

"It's Dustin's fault", said Lucas, Mike and I, holding our breaths.

"DUSTIN, WHAT THE FUCK?"

Getting up, Dustin crossed Mike, tapping his shoulder. "You're welcome, dude", he said. "But I don't think you're going to have to use them anyway..."

"Well we don't intend t-", Mike started explaining himself, blushing.

"...because I still believe the best pregnancy and STDs prevention for Mike Wheeler is, well, *being Mike Wheeler*", Dustin said, going up the stairs quickly, Mike running behind him and an Elevel, a Will and a Lucas rolling in laughter.

"So, you guys just wanted to take a piss off Mike?", I asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Well, we worry about you too...", began Lucas. "But yeah, we just wanted the laught at Mike".

"It's ok", I smiled, taking my book. "It was fun".

Will's eyes opened wide. "So you're not mad?"

"No", I answered, "But next time, pick someone else to talk about sex."

The boys frowned. "Why?"

"Dustin gave me a bunch of gum packages, you pervs", I said, smiling.

Lucas laughed. "Maybe it was a good idea by Jessica to dump him, after all".

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**N/A:** So, do you guys liked it? Please, let some reviews!

And if you have any story idea, let me know!

x)